STATE NEWS ITEMS

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DOYLE & RUDISILL. DENTISTS, HILLMBORO, O.
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HARMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW OFFICE-Southeast corner Main and High streets, room up-stairs. sugly! W. C. DUCKWALL, D. D. S.

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OFFICE-Opposite Dr. Hoyt's, W. Main street

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OFFICE-No. 38 West Main street, abov McGuire's Tobacco Factory. mylyl OLIN J. BOSS,

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dec27y1

Will now give his entire time to the practice of his profession. He has had extensive experience, and will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office—In McKibben's New Block, up stairs, High street. Medidence, No. 61 North High street, 2 doors north of Clifton Heuse, formerly occupied by Hugh Swearingen, Hillsbore, Ohlo. 11891 A LLEN T. BOATMAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. HILLSBORD, ORIO.

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TOWN T. HIRE. TTOR NET AT LAW FICE In Health's Block, ourser Main Tigh Streets.

All business intrusted to my care will W. S. PATTERSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

When Boby was sick, we gave her Casterie When she was a Child, she eried for Conterle When she become Miss, she clang to Ceste When she had Children, she gave them Caste

talgott steads of or : a passenger region on C. M. Overman, JASON J POSSERY, O. S. Paros, Cashier.

Citizens' National Bank

Of Hillsboro, O. Capital, \$100,000.

J. J. Pugsley, G. B. Beecher, W. H. Gregg, Elies Overman, John L. West, F. I. Belmgaruer. C. M. Overman.

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Capital \$100,000; . .... Surplus \$20,000

The PHENIX, of Hartford, Conn.

DAPETEL .- How ape 69,000,000 bo. Fire, Tornade and Farm Insurance PEANE B. GLENN, Agent,

CHOOL Reports 25 cents per 100 at the

## TRAMP PRINTER

And More of His Little Pl.

Let Him Blow It In-I Told You So - New Grant Anecdote-The Bull-Fight -Capital and Labor - A Recollection.

Chestnuts-Not by Longfellow.

"That money won't do Klise a bit of good," remarked a certain party within hearing of the Tramp the other day, "for he'll spend it in no time." "Don't stop him," gently remonstrated the Tramp (which is me), "for a moneyed man who spends anything would be a commendable novelty for these diggin's. All the rest of the capitalists in this community do the hold-tight act, so let Rev. Klise waste his substance in riotous living if he wants to." I am always saying something smart. I can't help it. I'm built that way.

Henry Ward Beecher (reverend) lec tured at the Odeon, Cincinnati, last week. We don't get Henry Ward, but he ain't missed much while we are blessed with the "immortal J. N." It's a cold day when Hillsboro can't get even with the ex-Porkopolis, alias the Queen City, alias Cincinnati, and don't you renember it. When it comes to amusements we are right there every time.

In one of my letters last winter I spoke of a visit to Pullman, Illinois, where the whole town is owned by the Pullman Car Company, and I said that, although the place was beautiful and the workmen had good homes, the idea was un-American and that too much power was given the employers. It is little better than a baronial estate with fiefs, and in last January a Chicago paper created somewhat of a sensation by the reports of remarks made at a meeting of the Chicago Presbytery in regard to the desperate struggle of the churches at Pullman for existence, owing to excessive rentals charged by the company. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. McCaslin, appealed for aid for his congregation. It was \$750 behind on the last year. It pays the company \$1,200 rental for the church, and besides that, is compelled to pay \$2.25 per 1,000 feet for gas and \$186 for steam heating. He said the company had agreed to heat the building, but would not keep its contract, and that he could say more, but the company could turn him out of his house on ten days' notice. An elder said that since he had gone to Pullman to live he had grown poorer, and had not bought a suit of said: "I preached once in the Pullman Church, but, with the help of God, I will never preach there again. The word monopoly seems to be written over the pulpit and pews. It blazes forth from every window, and seems to burn between the lines in the hymn-book. I thought the organ groaned monopoly nonopoly! in all its lower tones." Scote of the Reunion Church, which is heavily in debt, said he would soon resign. The Pullman shops are a. big industry, but like all monopolies they are inclined to make hogs of themselves, and I repeat that the plan isn't adapted

to the wants of this country. The posthumous works of Hugh Con way are second in number only to the never-before-in-print stories of General Grant. The latest of the latter, and it is well worth repetition, is to the effect that when visiting the once-buried city of Pompeii, the Grant party came to a building with a closed door. The guide told him that he and the gentlemen of his party could enter, but none of the ladies, to which the General replied: "I am obliged to you, my friend, but I must respectfully inform you that I never go where I can not take my wife." And the fellow who fixed that for print sppropriately adds: "Were all individuals ander the influence of such a pure sentiment, the world would be wonderfully reformed. Thousands of young men would be saved from ruin, if they would never go to a place where they could not take a sister or a female friend."

hard of a comme and a Beautiful old Spain! Fair old stickn-the-mud Castilia! Ignorant old kingdom of the moon-lit Alhambra! Super stitions, illiterate, fanatical, suffering ornery, n. g. Land of the Peninsula what are you good for anybow? Chol ert mows down your populace in whole hunger and want, and yet every summer your capital city pays Lartijo, the toreador, \$30,000 for jumping out of the way of angered, innocent bulls and then sticking them full of cruel arrows as they go past. The same son-of-a-gun (who ought to be in Sing-Sing) makes 50,000 during the winter season while ndulging in the Christian pastime of silling more bulls for the benefit of the HERALD (then the NEWS) sanctum, when poor folks of the provincial towns, who can't go to Madrid to witness the noble sport. A news note says that last year

men, whose stomachs weren't so easily turned ordinarily, say that with them the bull-fight invariably had the effect of an emetic. Jim Robinson (the great bareback rider) witnessed a number of fights in Havana and Madrid, and I heard him say that they always affected him in that way; and I have heard him speak of them as too disgusting to tell about. While the maimed and suffering animals or horses that had been fatally gored, were rolling in the dust, the fair daughters of the Peninsula (who wouldn't have broken a fast day or danced in Lent for anything) went wild with rapture, waved their fans and handkerchiefs in ecstacy, and cheered the scienced butchers like a youthful torchbearer in a political procession. Spain, you miserable old excrescence, somebody ought to spit on you and drown you, or teach you some sense. You have outlived your usefulness, and ought to fly away and be at rest Bullfighters come high, but they must have em over there.

The belligerant aspect of capital and labor all over the country is by no means encouraging for business. Hillsboro, indulging in uer well-known inclination to mimic places metropolitan, is indulging in her little strike, and, though no one need ever doubt but that capitalist that I am) my sympathies are invariably with the man who labors, But he only turned and wunk his eye this matter is too close to home for me to say anything about it. Business is most certainly dull here, and our contingent of loafers (which, like the poor and the ice-cream joke we have always with us) was never stronger in point of 'Twas then a brazen voice replied : numbers or more flourishing than now. If things don't improve pretty soon we might as well sing the doxology and be

The most uncomfortable being in the world is the newspaper compositor when a girl comes, or a number of girlssweet, good-looking ones-come to the office to see "how they make newspapers." His heart palpi-pi-pi-tates with lightning rapidity when the dingy door opens, and in place of "shut the door" in 8-line pica wood type he sees a timid, smiling face, and when that one is followed by three, four or half a dozen like it, the palpitation does anything but become more subdued. This may be for a number of reasons. Firstly, it may be that he thinks that the one with the blue eyes, or that one with the brown eyes, or that one with the gold specs is just about the cutest bit of hunanity on this terrestrial ball; or, secondly, because, (and this is more marked when the first supposition is correct) he realizes that he has ink on his nose and remembers that the last patch that a While from the man behind the bar doting mother placed where it would do A voice fell like a thousand of brick : the most good on his pants is remarkably conspicuous in his coatless condiso very bashful that the sight of a young lady always makes his heart flop; (most compositors are that way.) Meanwhile the foreman (who generally wears tolerable good clothes and sports a watch chain) shows the beautiful hevy how the big press works, and explains how they lock up the forms, each step bringing the group nearer the cases. All this time the compositor is steadily and rapidly forgetting all he ever knew, losing his place on the "copy" with clockwork regularity after ever second word. and blushing red to the small of his back.† But when they start toward his case the last straw falls upon the poor camel's back; and when he hears the foreman tell them how rapidly he can "stick 'em up," and the sweet eyes gaze admiringly yet bashfully (perhaps realizing that they havn't been introduced) upon his nimble fingers he loses all power over his muscles and his fingers fly rapidly—even frantically—from box to box, regardless of "copy," and he wishes he had died long time ago and gone to heaven. The girls say "Ah,," and "Oh," and "Oh-h-" in solos and chorus, and it is not until half an hour after they have expressed their obligations to the foreman and disappeared that the circulation is aroused in the compositor's frame, and he is able to distinguish a ffi from a 3-em quad. And the ejaculations that seeth and burst from the sanctum when the proof of the stickful he set up during the visit is read would hardly be fit for publication in a moral paper like the News-Her-ALD. It looks like a clipping from a Cherekee newspaper.! How do I know this? See here, gentle reader, I,ll tell you; but don't give it away: I have been there myself, and the soul-harrowing

tears-I can't help it. "Extra syllables suggested by Hugh McNicol, as making it more expressive of the emotion. †See Puck on "'Ostler Joe." 1"Bulgarian war map" is better, but it has

memories of one or two such experiences

will haunt me to the last. Excuse my

Frederic Bouches Trees The following, like all great specimens of poesy, was quickly "dashed off" one day last week, and may lack the fire and beauty that marks most of my masterly effusions. I was sitting in the Newsthe idea struck me. I mentioned it to McNicol and he fairly went into hysterics over the brilliancy of the thought he killed 345 bulls without receiving a scratch, but Louis Wessel could do as much. They need missionaries in Spain; immortal lines as a pattern I chopped a little ordinary civilization wouldn't out the following charming verses. I

hurt the land. I have heard strong will write verses of the same style and For the NEWS. quality (as I have not destroyed the plate) at the extremely reasonable rate of \$1 per dozen, but I would impress upon all the advisability of coming early and avoiding the rush. It will be observed that in the last line of the next to the last verse I have sacrificed euphony for realism. I think my line there used more expressive than the corresponding line of Longfellow's, though I hope I will not be accused of egotism for saying so.

"CHESTNUTS!"-A PARODY. The shades of night were falling fast As through a part pine village passed A backet with a strange device :

His breath was bad. His chin beneath Shone like my sabre in its sheath, (How is it he was never hung?)

In tall French fists he saw the light Of tenth-rate gas, though aught but bright He heard them spring the coachman joke, Then frowned a frown and thus he spoke

Mikado airs of flowers of spring-"Flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la. But he echoed back in a loud guffaw : Thy weary head upon this breast "-

He heard a maiden, flute-like, sing

And answered with a deep-drawn sigh : "Try not the pass." the showman said. "The manager might smash your head. What would you hear, were you inside?"

"Beware the birch-tree's limber branch. Beware the Memphis Avalanche; The actor cried; then turned in fright. Voice : (in the gallery's dismal height)

The end-man told the ice-cream joke, While not a smile the silence broke, Till dead-head in the entrance wide Lifted his voice, and thus he cried :

'I'll pay you when I sell my hogs," To the country printer wrote old man Scro But the editor wished that he was dead, I'd judge, from the manner in which he said

Toward the land of sun and song And this the burthen of his cry : The villian in the mud was found By Bud McKeehan's lop-eared hound,

Still grasping in his hand of flesh

Upon the train that flies along

There in the moonlight cold and gray Chilly, but beautiful, he lay,

In after times, as years rolled 'round, And when they grow the grave-yard o'er, By wagon-loads those tree-lets bore

A quarter of a century's constant use proves he value of Day's Horse Powder. Twenty-

If there's anything in the "survival of the fittest" Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills must be "counted in."

Next month the City of New York will be 200 years old.

Scrofula diseases manifest themselves in the spring. Hood's Marsaparilla cleanses the blood, and removes every taint of scrofula. The eight hour law will go into effect in Washington May 1.

Fits.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's ase. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 981 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa

Jake Sharp paid out \$375,000 to lawers in building his Broadway railroad.

If you would sat with appetite, digest with comfort, and sleep with tranquility, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Homosopathic Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

The report on the Paris Exhibition of 878 shows a deficit of 32,000,000 francs.

"Quinsy troubled me for twenty years.
Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric
Oil, have not had an attack. The Oil curse
sore throat at once." Mrs. Letta Conrad,
Standish, Mich. The Comstock lode has been worked

\$350,000,000. The circulation of the blood—quickened and enriched—bears life and energy to every portion of the body, appetite returns, the hour of rest brings with it sound repose. This can be secured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Homeopathic Liver and Kidney Baim. \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

to a depth of 3,200 feet, and has produced

The Conneticut Legislature has passe bill making it lawful for infidels to testify in court.

Physicians inform us that rheumatism is produced by the presence in the blood, of certain irritating acids developed in the stomach, and taken up by the absorbents. Dr. J. H. McLean's Homooppathic Liver and Kidney Balm will eradicate the poison from the blood, and oure rheumatism. \$1.00 per bottle. For sails by Saybart & Co.

The works of art which Mrs. Morgan athered about her brought during the

# THE ARKANSAW TRAVELERS.

### A True Story for the Boys.

BY HIGHLAND BOY.

CHAPTER II.

dorn," as Bob expressed it, except the their weird shadows far up and down pony's temper, which not naturally the creek. The fore part of the night sweet, had not been sweetened any by was spent in reading the jokes in some standing at "post oats" all night. Alec almanaes they had brought along for threw her a good feed of corn, while just such an occasion. The jokes were the other boys set about packing all of their things they could in a pair of old long, for they were in a laughing mood. saddle bags. These being nearly filled with powder, shot and cartridges, they of it, since there were no old folks to rewere not light, by any means and as mind them it was "time for little folks to they picked them up and placed them on pony's back, she suddenly became aware of this fact and remembering her wrongs of the previous night, as Otis soon told them it was boiling. After came up behind her, she suddenly reared up at the rear and sent the great to the almanacs and enjoyed some more burly fellow sprawling into the bushes a few feet away. Bob and Alec fairly roared with laughter, as Otis picked himself up out of the underbrush, re- asleep. marking with some very strong adjectives and interjections, that he did not know that thing was a breech-loader or the creek, they washed their faces in that it had a double charge in. He was not seriously hurt, however, as he had ing at this juncture, that there was a been in too close proximity to the pony to give her heels a fair sweep. Everything being now packed and placed on the pony, except the firearms, the boys thought best to move on, for fear the racket raised by Otis and the pony, might bring out the town people and

their plans might be interfered with. All things being now ready, Alec, the public road and reaching it, took the kansaw," a custom that they uniformly observed. When they came to a crossroad and were at a loss to know which prong to take, they would consult the the nearest due south, for they were travelers" as soon as possible. "That is something of a bear State, too," they thought, "and it is where Davy Crockett well, since there were three of them and all crack shots. Reaching the road. they pushed on at a brisk walk, as they were desirous of putting as many miles between themselves and Greenfield, that with little intermission, until almost hat it was their intention to go into found that Alec had 55 cents, Bob 35 long, but it did not seem to cast a damper on their buoyant spirits. Alec remarked that it might not have come amiss, if he had succeeded in getting hold of \$50 of his own money, which he had entertained strong hopes of for awhile; but, like the fox that was unable to reach the grapes, he consoled himself with the thought that he would have been little better off, had he succeeded in getting it. The other boys were kept in the best of spirits, by the assurance that their money would easily run them to "Arkansaw" where they would be "dead sure to strike a bonanza" or even if they didn't when "Arkansaw travelers" they would have no

use for "chicken feed." Toward night, they came to a small river which bore the name of Turnback creek, for the reason that an island almost made it "turn back" in its course. Alec mounted his pony, rode across and landed the things on the opposite bank ; then, by making two trips more, he brought his companions over behind him and landed them dry shod. They then went up the stream, some distance, to a cave they knew of, stowed their things away in it and leaving Otis, with pony, to stand guard, Alec and Bob struck out with their guns, to lay in a

supply of fresh meat. Before going far, Alec saw a rabbit a few feet in front of him. He felt that rabbit was just as good as in the frying pan, cooking for supper; but Mr. Rabbit did not think so as he jumped out of his nest and "vamoosed." Alec banged away at the spot his rabbitship had vacated, tearing a hole in the ground, big enough to bury two or three good sized rabbits. As the cottontail disappeared, Bob, who was almost convulsed with laughter at Alec's good marksmanship and the blank expression on his face, sufficiently composed himself to cry out: "Say, 'Dutch', s'pose that had been a grizzly, you would be scratching up a gum stump now, wouldn't you?" Alec was too much chagrined to make any reply to this and as he had now replaced the empty shell by a loaded one, he entire sale the sum of \$1,205,400. It started on, vowing vengeance on that will be remembered as one of the most rabbit, or the next one he clapped eyes extensive sales of the kind ever known. on. It seemed to be a poor evening for

game and they returned to camp with only a wild duck. This was soon dressed and cooked, and the trio sat down to make supper on bread and jelly, coffee and duck. They were all in high spirits, spite of their poor luck in hunting, and a warm supper and hot coffee seemed to make them still more light hearted. The huge fire they had built, lighted up the narrow gerge in which they had en-They found every thing all "hunkey camped and the trees on the bluff cast good and the boys laughed loud and Twelve o'clock came before they thought be in bed." Some one proposed to have some more coffee and so the coffee pot was placed on the coals and its singing being revived by this, they again turned jokes, so that it was not until 2 o'clock in the morning that they rolled themselves up in their blankets and fell

> At 7 o'clock the next morning, they awoke, stiff and sore. Going down to the ice-cold water, no doubt rememberslight difference between washing here, and at home in the kitchen with warm water and drying with a nice, clean white towel. But no one mentioned home. They were determined to keep 'a stiff upper, lip." Breakfast consisted of hot coffee and

the remains of the duck and bread and jelly. This being finished, they broke efficer of the day, gave the order, "For- camp and once more turned their face ward, march!" and the trio moved off in toward "Arkansaw." But to-day they good style, with Bob in the middle lead- | did not want to be be seen on the pubing the pony and Alec and Otis on either | lic road and consequently they struck side. They took the nearest cut to the through the timber. As the supply of provisions was exhausted, with perhaps prong that lead due south toward "Ar- the exception of a little bit of lard, Bob took the center with the pony while Alec and Otis ranged themselves on either side in the hope of killing some game as they went along. As Bob was compass and then take the one that ran a little in advance, he sighted a large flock of wild turkeys; but ere he could anxious to be light hearted "Arkansaw | tie the pony and get his gun ready, the turkeys were out of gun-shot and as neither of the other boys caught sight of them they were turkeyless. During killed 50 or 60 bears in a few weeks," the day, Alec shot two mallard ducks and why could they not do almost as on a pond and one of the other boys killed a couple of birds, so they were cheered with the prospect of not going supperless to bed. Along in the afternoon, an unoccupied old cabin was sighted, and as it looked very much like day, as possible. This they kept up, rain it was decided to put up here for the night. In a little lot surrounding night. They frequently met persons the cabin, five or six rabbits were scared with whom they were acquainted, and up, two of which were killed. They to their inquiries as to where the boys | had stopped at a farm house and bought were heading for, they were informed some salt and seasoning, and some meal to make johnny cakes, so that they no camp down on the river; as parties fre- felt quite independent. The game was quently did this for week's at a time, dressed and a part of it salted down, little or no curiosity was excited. Dur- while the birds and one of the rabbits ing the day, perhaps while stopping to were cooked for supper. As it began to eat a bite of dinner, they took an inven- pour down rain soon after reaching the tory of their cash on hand and it was cabin, and not being supper time, they took their guns and retired to an old and Otis 15; total, one dollar and five barn close at hand, where they shot at a cents. It was very evident this would mark in the hope of improving their not last three naturally fast men, very skill in this respect. Supper being over that evening, they turned in much earlier than on the previous night as the almanac jokes had become stale and besides, they were beginning to feel the need of more sleep. Alec was considerably concerned about feed for his pony, as she had been living mostly on air since they had started, and he feared she could not hold out much longer. without some stronger provender. After breakfast the next morning, as he was hunting in a stock field close by, he stumbled on an ear of corn that had been left by the careless huskers. In hope of finding a feed for pony, he procured a sack, and by diligent search, found over a bushel of nice yellow ears. This revived his spirits, as well as pony's and the boys broke camp that morning to the tune of, "We're marching through Georgia," but of course the last two words meant, "to Arkansaw." About noon they came to a river

larger than any stream they had yet crossed. As usual, Alec made the first trip with the things. The water kept getting deeper and deeper, as he neared the middle of the stream, and it was only by dint of strong exertion that pony kept her feet against the current. The middle past, the current was less swift, and the water gradually grew shallower toward the farther bank. The things were landed on that side and, by a second trip, Bob was set down heside them. As Alec turned pony's head to make the third trip, she plainly manifested by her unwillingness to plunge in that she had had quite enough of a bath in that ice-cold water, for one day Nevertheless, at the word from her little master, she obeyed and they were soon across to where Otis was waiting. He was 17 years old and rather large of his age, so that pony now had the heaviest load she had yet carried. Having gotten on behind Alec, they again pushed into the turbid water. By holding his feet up, Alec had not yet gotten the least bit wet, and as they neared the middle of the stream, Otis following his example, kept continually raising his pedal extremities higher and higher, as the water rose on the sides of the pony.

[Continued on eight page.]

#### THE SONG OF JANE.

TO JANE ADATE SMITH

A little girl. With hair a' curl (?). Came tripping down the lane, Beneath her feet. All wished their name was Jane.

The roses red. That touched her head, As she skipped through the lane, Dropped all their leaves In loving sheaves, Because they envied Jane.

The lofty trees Bent in the breeze Which swept across the lane, And curt'sied low With stately show To merry little Jane.

The little birds, In their own words. Sang in the leafy lane, Their morning song. With some notes wrong, For watching little Jane.

The very sky. With archway high, Above her in the lane. To tell you true Was looking blue. Because it was not Jane.

L'ENVOL Princess, hear my little song, Read with frown or dimple-If there be some merit in it, It is in being simple.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if powerful muscles, we must labor; if sound lungs we must take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts.

For cuts, bruises, sprains, buras, scalds, frost-bites, and chilbains, nothing equals Sat-vation Oil. It annihilates pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

#### Closing of Ella Templin's School. MR. EDITOR-I ask through the col-

umps of your paper to speak of the

above-named school. And I wish to say that our remarks are not to give undue honor, but honor to whom honor is due. The forenoon was spent in the regular lessons, and the afternoon in recitations and declamations by the pupils and select reading by the teachers present. And I wish to say that the way the pupils acquitted themselves during the exercises speaks well for them and their teacher. The reading was interspersed with music by the "Hard Scrabble" string band, which added much to the pleasure of the day. Miss Templin took charge of the school two years ago and by her energy and perseverance has made it a model school so to speak. She is a lady of sterling worth, and the writer of these few lines is solicited by the pupils to say that by herkind attention and unwavering confidence in them she has been the instrument, in the hands of God, of causing the heart to soften and seek the road that leads to eternal happiness. The motto of the school, implanted by their teacher, is "Onward and Upward." We learn that she is called to another field of labor. Mr. James Rotroff in regard to the progress of the school and his appreciation of the same. He was followed by Mr. W. S. Lyle with a few thrilling remarks of the happy times that he had spent in the same old school-house, this being the place of his happy school days. The next speaker was Mr. J. A. Fling, who, in a few well chosen remarks, presented Miss Templin, on behalf of

the pupils, with a beautiful album, as a momento of their love and esteem for her. Thus closed the last school in Concord. The corps of teachers in this township this winter was a good selection and we hope the Board of Education will be liberal enough to appropriate enough to secure the best material the coming winter. Upon the common school depends the prosperity and happiness of our country.

A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.

Parker's Tonic kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly, it keeps the blood pure, and the stomach, liver and kidneys in working order. Coughs and colds vanish before it. It builds up the health. No wise mother will be without it.

Benjamin Barnes, in Memphis, Ohio, March 6th, 1886, of neuralgia of the stomach. As we see friends dropping on the right hand and on the left, we can hardly realize that the vast multitude now engaged in the busy scenes of ife can possibly pass away in a few years. But soon they are cut down like the grass. Mr. Barnes' illness was of short duration, but during that time he suffered great physical pain until early on the morning of the 6th, just before the Jawn of day, when his Master opened the gates of immortality with his golden key, and he quietly fell asleep in the hope of being awakened in the image of his blessed Redeemer on the resurrection morn. He was born in Frederick county, Md., on the 22d day of April. 1825, and with his parents removed to Balmont county, O., nine years later, and there grew to manhood. On the 23d day of March, 1848, he was united in marriage to Miss Jane Vandallam, and soon after removed to Highland county, O., and there traveled the pathway of life for nearly thirty-eight years. But the time for separation came. He leaves a wife and nine children (five girls and four boys, mostly grown) who tenderly loved him, and find it very difficult to become reconciled to their loss. Mr. Barnes had formerly been a member of the United Brethern Church, and was a faithful and consistent follower of his Master, but having yeary reconsily removed to Clinton county, O., h. not united with any church. He was a true and loving husband, a kind father, a good citizen and was respected by all. His regnains were interred at the cametery at Centerville, O., on Sunday, March 7th.

The circle of loved ones is broken,
The father has gone on before,
But why do we mourn or do we complain
We trust in God's mercy we'll meet again

We miss you, oh! we miss you, When we see that vacant chair; But we now take courage, For we hope some day to mast you On that bright and happy shore.